

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

A Democratic Weekly Newspaper; Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Home Interests and General Information.

BE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

VOLUME 1.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1867.

NUMBER 16.

LIST OF RETAILERS of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise in Cambria County for the year 1867:

Johnstown Borough.	
1 Wood, Morris & Co	200 00
2 Charles Unversatt	20 00
3 L Luckhardt	7 00
4 Cyrus Hart	7 00
5 S Leopold	7 00
6 S Leopold & Co	10 00
7 H Walters	7 00
8 John Levan	7 00
9 T Frazer	7 00
10 Barh George	7 00
11 Wm H Pike	7 00
12 S Edwards	7 00
13 Fred Kross	7 00
14 T G Stewart	12 50
15 F W Hay	12 50
16 Mrs Miller	7 00
17 William M. Pherson	7 00
18 J Rodelsheim	12 50
19 L Cohn	10 00
20 Brother	10 00
21 William Updegrave	10 00
22 G Bentley	7 00
23 Adam Pharm	7 00
24 Charles Zimmerman	7 50
25 John Gels	15 00
26 J M Murphy	10 00
27 John J. Murphy	10 00
28 L D Gronberg	10 00
29 F G Mack	10 00
30 F Kross & Co	10 00
31 V Lutter	12 50
32 C Dittelsbach	10 00
33 Jacob Wild	10 00
34 Miss Mary J. Parke	7 00
35 C Suppes	10 00
36 Emil Young	7 00
37 A Burgraff	7 00
38 Krasa & Co	7 00
39 Gals & Benth	7 00
40 Mangold & Co	10 00
41 Bott & Krelger	7 00
42 G Murr	7 00
43 W Caldwell	10 50
44 W H Levergood	7 00
45 J Swank & Co	12 50
Conemaugh Borough.	
46 J Widman	7 00
47 Mrs L Aasen	7 00
Millville Borough.	
48 Richd Ellis	7 00
49 Henry Glines	7 00
50 Baltzer & Spangler	7 00
Taylor Township.	
51 Michl McCabe	7 00
52 Roberts & Co	7 00
53 A G Crooks	7 00
Carrolltown Borough.	
54 A A Barker	7 00
55 And Hank	7 00
56 F J Barberich	7 00
57 J Buck & Co	7 00
58 F Grosberger	7 00
Orest Springs.	
59 E H Mutter	7 00
60 Wagner & Little	7 00
White Township.	
61 Geo Walters	7 00
62 Lasso Gates	7 00
St. Augustine, Clearfield Township.	
63 A Wharton	7 00
64 S J Inlow	7 00
Cambria Borough.	
65 John Ryan	7 00
66 John Kuts	7 00
Loretto Borough.	
67 W Litzinger	7 00
68 F A Shields	7 00
69 O Priel	7 00
70 F Jacobs	7 00
71 John Bradley	7 00
72 Phil Hatzog	7 00
Mumeter Township.	
73 D S F Patton	7 00
Summitville Borough.	
74 W M Connell	7 00
75 R Ludwig	7 00
Ebensburg Borough.	
76 E Roberts	10 00
77 V S Barker	10 00
78 Geo Huntley	7 00
79 J A Murray	7 00
80 J Lemmon	7 00
81 G G Owens	7 00
82 J M Thompson	7 00
83 A A Barker	7 00
84 E E Evans	7 00
85 Mrs Doyle	7 00
Carroll Township.	
86 Leth & Hoppe	7 00
Wilmore Borough.	
87 A Bergham	7 00
88 And Callen	7 00
89 Jno M'Colgan	7 00
90 W R Hughes	7 00
Croyle Township.	
91 Wm Murray	7 00
92 P M Brown	7 00

Washington Township.

14 G Meary 7 50 | 14 Ella McIntosh 7 00
14 Shoemaker & Son 14 Dysart & Co 7 00
14 Jane Mullin 7 00 | 14 Wm Wiley 7 00
14 M McLaughlin 7 00

Gallatin Township.

14 J J Trozell 7 00 | 14 F J Christy 7 00
14 J Gearhart 7 00 | 14 Jas Murray 7 00
14 F J Parrish 7 00 | 14 PaP Smith 7 00
14 J Dawson 7 50 | 14 Thos Bradley 7 00

Richland Township.

14 Geo Berkey 7 00 | 14 Geo Conrad 7 00

Blacklick Township.

14 T W Duncan 7 00 | 14 J G Adams 7 00

Jackson Township.

14 Daniel Kiser 7 50 | 14 S Albaugh 7 50

BREWERIES AND DISTILLERIES.

Roat & Roat, Conemaugh Borough, 15 00
Henry Hainsman, Johnstown Boro', 15 00
Graf & Herbach, " 15 00
J A Stemmer, " 15 00
Herman Vochard, Cambria Borough, 15 00
G J Schwaderer, Washington Twp., 15 00
Julius Stelch, Carrolltown Borough, 15 00
Henry Blum, " 15 00
Bingell, Loretto Borough, 15 00

BILLIARD TABLES.

J Holzworth, Johnstown, 3 tables, 50 00
J W Mullin, Washington Tp, 2 tables, 40 00

TENN PIN ALLEYS.

J W Mullin, Washington Township, 80 00

AN APPEAL will be held at the Treasurer's Office, Ebensburg, on Monday the 31st day of July next.

ALEX. SKELLY,
May 9, 1867. At. Mercantile Appraiser.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, for confirmation and allowance, on Monday the 31st day of June next, to wit:

The account of Robert H. Singer, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Dennis Dougherty, late of Allegheny twp, dec'd.

The first and final account of Catharine Dougherty, Adm'r of John Dougherty, late of Orest township, dec'd.

The final account of Jacob Wertz, Guardian of Harriet Mincey, minor child of Jacob Mincey, dec'd.

The second and final account of John W. Haynes and Rembert Haynes, Ex'rs of Joseph Haynes, late of the Borough of Johnstown, deceased.

The first and final account of C. B. Ellis, Adm'r of Reese Price, late of Cambria Borough, deceased.

The first and final account of David H. Roberts, Adm'r of Eleanor Jones, late of Cambria township, dec'd.

The partial account of John Flick and Henry Bender, Ex'rs of the last will and testament of John Campbell, Sr, dec'd.

The first and final account of Mary A. Conrad, Adm'r of Paul Conrad, late of Clearfield township, dec'd.

The first and final account of Thomas E. Davis, Ex'r of Evan E. Davis, dec'd.

The first and final account of John Richards, Guardian of the minor children of Geo. Richards, deceased.

The account of William Davis, Adm'r of David Davis, late of Cambria twp, dec'd.

The first and final account of John A. Blair, Adm'r of the estate of Mary Clements, deceased.

The second account of Jacob O. Horner, Adm'r of Jonas Horner, late of Conemaugh township, dec'd.

The first and final account of Matthias Deney, Ex'rs of Peter Deney, dec'd.

The first and final account of Simon Weakland, Guardian of the minor children of Charles Bradley, dec'd.

The first and final account of Samuel Rought, Adm'r of Susan Weaver, late of Richland township, dec'd.

The first and final account of John H. Douglass, Adm'r of William Douglass, late of Clearfield township, dec'd.

The account of Michl McGuire and Chas. McManamy, Adm'r's of the estate of George Bruce, late of Allegheny township, dec'd.

The account of John E. Lease, Adm'r of the Estate of Susanah Ream, dec'd.

The first and partial account of George J. Rodgers and William Kittell, Ex'rs of Jane Wherry, late of Ebensburg, dec'd.

JAMES GRIFFIN, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, May 9, '67. At.

CAMBRIA COUNTY, SS.—The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting: We command you that you attach William J. Burk, late of your county, by all and singular his goods and chattels, lands and tenements, in whose hands or possession soever the same may be, so that he be and appear before our Court of Common Pleas, to be holden at Ebensburg, in and for the said county, on the first Monday of June next, there to answer Louisa Keepers of a plea of debt; and, also, that you summon that be and appear before our Court on the said first Monday of June next, to answer what shall be objected against him, and abide the judgment of the Court therein. And have you then and there this writ.

Witness the Honorable George Taylor, President Judge of our said Court, at Ebensburg, the twenty-seventh day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

GEO. O. K. ZAHM, Prothonotary,
Ebensburg, May 9, 1867. St.

ROBERT E. JONES,
Ebensburg, Cambria co., Pa.,
Dealer in Lumber. The highest prices in Cash, paid for CHERRY, POPLAR, ASH and LIND LUMBER.

The Poet's Department.

CURIOUS MEDLEY.

By the lake where drooped the willow,
Bow, vassals, row!
I want to be an angel,
And jump Jim Crow.

An old crow sat on a hickory limb,
None named him but to praise;
Let me kiss him for his mother,
For he smells of Schweizer kase.

The minstrel to the war has gone,
With the tanjo on his knee;
He woke to hear the sentry shriek,
There's a light in the window for thee.

A frog he would a wooing go,
His hair was curled to kill;
He used to wear an old gray coat,
And the sword of Bunker Hill.

Off in the still night,
Make way for liberty! he cried,
I won't go home till morning,
With Peggy by my side.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Sussanah don't you cry;
Know how sublime a thing it is
To brush away the blue-tailed fly.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
With his baggage checked for Troy,
One of the few immortal names,
His name was Pat Malloy.

Mary had a little lamb,
He could a tale unfold,
He had no teeth for to eat a corn cake,
And his spectacles were gold.

Lay on, lay on, Macduff,
Man wants but little here below,
And I'm to be Queen of the May,
So kiss me quick and let me go!

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

CORRY O'LANUS' EPISTLE.

Reflections on the Election—How the Result Came About—Russian America—Weather-wise and Otherwise—A Name Wanted—The "Off" and "Ski"—A Coat of Arms for the "Off" State.

DEAR EAGLE: You have heard of the result of the election. Beecher and I were both beaten. There are various ways of accounting for this result. One is that neither of us got votes enough. That is understood. But why? I'll tell you. It is owing to our imperfect system of suffrage. If the ladies had been allowed to vote, Beecher would have been elected. I believe all the ladies, out of gratitude, would have voted for Beecher. Except, perhaps, the dressmakers, who might have preferred Cuyler. If suffrage had been universal, and the ballot-box had been sent over to Ireland, I should have polled a heavy vote in Conemaugh, where the O'LANUSs are affectionately remembered. O'Pake, who was confident that I ought to be elected, engaged an Italian band of two harps and fiddle to serenade me as soon as I was declared elected. The figures set aside these calculations, and the serenade was postponed. And the speech I had prepared for the occasion was not delivered. As I have not been elected to the Convention I am not responsible for anything it may do. I begin to think that this is an ungrateful country, and that genius is not appreciated here. All my efforts to serve the public have been unavailing. I have some thoughts of leaving Brooklyn and going where talent is recognized. The purchase of Russian America opens a new field of enterprise. A splendid field for ice companies and skating-pond proprietors. The climate they say is pleasant after you get used to it. There are none of the sudden changes of temperature you experience here. It freezes steady the year round. It never rains there; snow is the nearest approach to it they ever experience. Winter usually sets in about the first of November, and lasts till the middle of next November. They have a short summer about the first of August. Which lasts about twenty minutes. The people avail themselves of the opportunity to lay in their winter supplies. The population is of a mixed descent, like that of the Eastern States. The principal races are Esquimaux, Seals, Russians, Bears and Walrus. The chief productions of the country are ice, furs, ice, aurora borealis, ice, whales, icebergs, whale-oil, and ice. The ice crop is the largest in the United States.

A statistician in the State Department has computed that a tax of half a cent a pound on all the ice produced in this new territory would pay off the national debt in six months, with a balance sufficient to pay the salary of the Secretary of State.

To say nothing of the income tax that might be collected from the Esquimaux. The peculiar wants of the people would open a new market for the products of American industry. The principle diet of the Russians is fried candles. Since the introduction of kerosene oil, the candle trade has declined and it is nothing like what it was when Garibaldi made long sixes at Staten Island. But the political advantages are still greater. What a lot of new offices will be created. Collectors, Assessors, Postmasters, and such. The Esquimaux are not much addicted to correspondence; but it wouldn't be the fault of the Postmasters if they had nothing to do.

The territory would want to become a State, and if its sentiments at all correspond with the latitude, it would be sufficiently Northern in politics to insure prompt admission to the Union. There is a suspicion that, owing to their very northern situation, the popular ideas of the population might run to an extreme that would out-radical the Radicals. Their views on the suffrage question might out-Beecher Beecher. Suppose, for instance, they insisted on extending the franchise, not only to the human population of all the races, ages, and sexes, but give the vote to the seals and walrus.

Barnum's learned seal might be one of the first Senators sent to Washington. I think of going out to the territory to run for Congress. A fellow could retire on the proceeds of one term. The amount of mileage of a member of Congress from the North Pole to Washington, at the present rates, would amount to \$139,892 14. A man could afford to go through a great variety of temperature at this rate. The new territory has not been named yet, and Secretary Seward is open for proposals on the subject. Expecting to represent the country officially, I also feel interested. We would like to have something original, and expressive. Johnson has been suggested, but A. J. is rather played out and the name wouldn't go down. Being of Russian extraction, a name with a Muscovite flavor would be appropriate. All Russian names end with off or ski. This has divided public opinion into two parties, known as the "off" and "ski."

I belong to the "ski." My friend O'Pake, who belongs to the same party, has suggested the appropriate name of "Corryolanuski." Modesty forbids my expatiating on the euphony and elegance of this name. "Grodjinski" sounds well, but his Indians don't belong to the Esquimaux tribe. "Highlandryski" would be very appropriate. This name was suggested by a report that Joe Reese was going out to the territory to try and induce the Esquimaux to adopt the paid fire department system. The "off" have a great many names. "Damlongwayoff" is Russian, peculiar, and expressive. "Eversoffaroff" is not so emphatic. "Jumpingoff" is not bad for the extremity of creation.

The subject of names opens a wide field for discussion, and I will leave it to Congress, who is paid to attend to such business. I have, however, devised a coat of arms for the new State: An iceberg illuminated with the rays of the aurora borealis, a walrus rampant, and the universal Yankee seated on a barrel of whale oil, whittling the north pole with a jack-knife. Motto: "Fit justitia ruat cælum!"—"Let justice be done to the seals." Yours, on ice, CORRY O'LANUS. —Brooklyn Eagle.

—By the acquisition of Russian America the United States flag has been advanced to within thirty-six miles of Asia, and the area of the republic increased from 2,926,106 square miles to about 3,930,000.

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

Since the time when the Ancient Mariner told the terrible tale of the curse-laden ship with her crew of ghastly corpses, no more thrilling story of the sea has been related than that of the whale ship *Diana*, that recently drifted into one of the Shetland Islands. A year ago she left the Shetlands on a whaling voyage to the Arctic regions, having on board fifty men. From that time nothing more was heard of her. The friends of those on board became alarmed. Money was raised and premiums offered to the first vessel that would bring tidings of the missing ship, but all to no avail. Hope was almost abandoned. On the 2d of April the people near Rona's Voe, in one of the Shetland Isles, were startled at seeing a ghastly wreck of a ship sailing into the harbor. Battered and ice-crushed, sails and cordage cut away, boats and spars cut up for fuel in the terrible Arctic winter, her decks covered with dead and dying, the long lost *Diana* sailed in like a ship from the Deadman's Land. Fifty men sailed out of Lerwick in her on a bright May morning last year. All of the fifty came back on her on the second of April, this year; the same, yet how different!

Ten men, of whom the captain was one, lay stiffened corpses on the deck; thirty-five lay helplessly sick, and some dying; two retained sufficient strength to creep aloft, and the other three crawled feebly about the deck. The ship was boarded by the islanders, and, as they climbed over the bulwarks, the man at the wheel fell fainting from excitement; one of the sick died as he lay, his death being announced by the fellow occupant of his berth feebly moaning, "Take away the dead man." On the bridge of the vessel lay the body of the captain, as it had lain for four months, with nine of his dead shipmates by his side, all decently laid out by those who soon expected to share their fate. The survivors could not bear to sink the bodies of their comrades into the sea, but kept them so that when the last man died the fated ship that had been their common home should be their common tomb. The Surgeon of the ship worked faithfully to the last, but cold, hunger, scurvy and dysentery were too much for him. The brave old Captain was the first victim, and died blessing his men. Then the others fell, one by one, until the ship was tenanted only by the dead and dying. One night more at sea would have left the *Diana* a floating coffin. Not one of the fifty would have lived to tell the ghastly tale.

POINTS OF HONOR.—Col. Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Col. Ramsay in one about a recruit; Sieme's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about an "acre of archbishops." One officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet; and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; General Harry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steamboat, although the General had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters. In 1777 a duel occurred in New York city between Lieutenant Featherstonhough, of the Seventy-ninth, and Captain McPherson, of the Forty-second British regiment, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the eating was from the cob, the other that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonhough lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully, as much so, that it had to be amputated. Graham, Major Noah's assistant editor in the *National Advocate*, lost his life in 1827, at the duelling ground, Hoboken, with Barton, the son-in-law of Edward Livingston, in a simple dispute about "what was trumps" in a game of cards.

A LONDON correspondent writes that one of the main attractions at Covent Garden Theatre is the donkey in "All Baba and the Forty Thieves." For a stage donkey the animal is really miraculous. It is composed of two small boys; but its chief charm is its tail, which works with a string. That donkey—and especially that tail—has set all the American theatrical agents perfectly crazy. Every one of them must have a donkey to take to New York, and every one religiously believes that he is the only agent who has thought of the donkey. The consequence is that no less than nine donkeys of the Covent Garden model are now on their way to the Empire city, and no less than nine agents will be very badly sold.

CHINESE JUGGLERS.—The Statu, an Arabian traveler who spent the thirty years between 1825 and 1855 in wandering in the East, relates that one night he fell in with a Chinese juggler. His says: "He took a wooden ball with several holes in it, through which long thongs were passed and laying hold of these along it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. There now remained only a little of the end of a thong in the juggler's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him also. The juggler then called to him three times, but getting no answer, he snatched up a knife as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong and disappeared also. By and by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand, and at last the boy came down himself, and all puffing and pouting, with his clothes all bloody; but presently he took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick when, presto! there was the boy, who got up and stood before us. 'All this,' adds the veracious traveler, 'astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the Sultan of India when he showed me something of the same kind.'"

AN INCIDENT OF ALL FOOL'S DAY.—The following story is related to us by an eye witness: On the first instance a plain old farmer, while taking a stroll around the market, dropped his plethoric pocket-book on Seventeenth street, and the wail was soon surrounded by a crowd of sun loving urchins, watching eagerly for some one to pick it up. Sundry passers-by stopped to appropriate the treasure, but were deterred by the uproarious laughter of the boys and the shouts of "April Fool," which invariably greeted them. After some time, the old gentleman discovering his loss, returned in search of his treasure, and to his infinite surprise discovered it lying on the pavement, surrounded by the group aforesaid. Eagerly grasping it, undisturbed by the laughter which greeted him, he opened it, and counting over a goodly pile of greenbacks, pronounced it "all right," and declaring that he had no idea the people in Richmond were so honest, went on his way rejoicing, leaving the urchins to cast wondering glances at each other and endeavoring to discover where the laugh came in.—Richmond Enquirer.

SPICY.—There was a knot of sea-captains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had just bought a barrel of black pepper. Old Captain —, of Salem, came in, and seeing the pepper, took up a handful of it. "What do you buy such stuff as that for?" said he to the storekeeper; "it's half peas." "It's peas!" replied the storekeeper; "there isn't a pea in it." Taking up a handful as he spoke, he appealed to the company. They all looked at it, and plunged their hands into the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it as their universal opinion that there wasn't a pea in it. "I tell you there is," said the old captain, again scooping up a handful; "and I'll bet a dollar on it." The old Boston argument all over the world. They took him up. "Well," said he, "spell that," pointing to the word "P-e-p-p-e-r," painted on the side of the barrel. "If it isn't half p's then I'm no judge, that's all." The bet was paid.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.—One of the most estimable of men some years ago died and left a wife and several children. Among the latter was a boy of eight or ten years, who was the very personification of mischief. His mother, finding she could not control him, put him in charge of a reverend gentleman of the neighborhood, who made it a rule whenever the boy committed a fault which required correction to give him a taste of the rod, and then make him get on his knees and ask God to forgive the sin committed and bless his corrector. The boy proved to be too much for the reverend to manage. He was then placed in charge of a very excellent lady, who was distinguished for a long and pointed nose. Shortly after she took him in charge she was obliged to give him a flogging. As soon as it was through she was surprised to see him drop on his knees, and perhaps more surprised to hear him pray to be forgiven for what he had done—and "bless Mrs. J., and lengthen out her days as long as her nose; only not quite so sharp!"